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POPULAR
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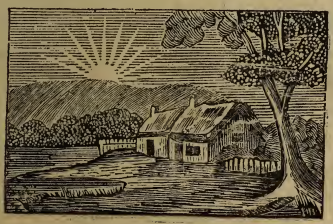

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POPULAR IRISH STORIES.

THE HERMIT TURNED PILGRIM.

In a solitary cave near the banks of Killarney, there lived an ancient hermit; far retired from the bustle and pleasures of the city, he spent his days in the praise of his divine Creator. But here we may observe the power of sin in man. A suggestion arose in his heart, that vice should triumph over virtue. Pondering on the various accounts he received, he began to doubt the power of Divine Providence; he therefore resolved to travel as a pilgrim, and setting out one morning, travelled the pathless grass until mid-day alone; he at length fell in with a young man who saluted him, and though far different in years, they were delighted with each other's company. The sun had sunk below the horizon when our travellers began to think of resting their weary limbs. They stopped at a large house, and were welcomed by the generous owner, who was ever happy in making his house the traveller's home, not from charity or any good, but from the love of praise. After partaking of an elegant repast, they were conducted to beds of down.

In the morning, before they recommenced their journey, each drank a golden goblet full of wine. When a good distance from the house, the youth produced the golden cup which he had taken from the kind nobleman, and showed it to the hermit, which greatly surprised him, and he could not help thinking it hard that such generous actions should be so basely rewarded. While thus they journeyed, on a sudden the skies were covered with heavy black clouds, which presaged an approaching storm. Our travellers sought repose in a large well-built house. The owner was a great miser, whose door was ever shut against those in distress:—Long did they knock in a piteous condition, battered with the wind and rain: at length the old miser opens the door, and by a half welcome, admits the shivering pair; he brought them a morsel of bread of the coarsest sort, with a glass of wine, which he

had ill will to grant, and as soon as he saw the tempest cease, he warned them to depart.

The hermit wondered greatly that one so rich should live so miserably, denying himself even the necessaries of life. But his surprise was greater when his young companion took the cup he stole from his generous landlord, and gave it to this miserable wretch. The sun's bright rays once more invite the pair to their journey. He could not understand his companion's conduct, a vice in the one place, and madness in the other. Night coming on, they were again in want of lodging. They again applied at a house convenient, which the kind master readily granted, saying, to him that gives us all, we should yield a part. In the morning the pilgrims arose; but as they were ready to depart, the youth stole up to a cradle wherein slept a child, the landlord's only pride, and taking hold of it by the neck, choked it dead. But Oh! horror of horrors! how looked our pilgrim when he saw what was done. On leaving the house, a servant followed to show the way, and as they reached the river, the youth, as if watching a time to sin, approached him, and threw him in, where he was instantly drowned. Wild rage inflamed the old hermit's eyes. At last he burst the bands of fear, and was beginning to thunder out invective speech and imprecations on the detested wretch, when lo! this strange partner appeared no longer man, but was changed into all the grandeur and majesty of an angel, and addressing himself to the hermit, told him that his praise and prayer was heard at the throne of justice; and being so acceptable, said he, I, an angel, was sent down to calm thy mind, and let you know the truth of divine government, that you might have no scruples in your mind for the future, Those events which appeared so surprising to you on your journey, I will unriddle to you, that you may confess the Almighty just in all his ways. The great vain man who, for the love of praise, forced his guests to morning draughts of wine, has, by losing the cup, lost a great part of his vanity, and will for the future give nothing away but where he sees there is need. The miser who never gave any thing to the poor, with him I left the cup; he will for the future become a new man, and never refuse relieving those whom he sees in distress. The pious man who ended the day in prayer, was beginning to lose his piety and virtue; that child whom ye saw me kill was weaning his heart from God; to save him God took the child; and already the aged parent owns his blind fondness deserved no less punishment. The servant whom I threw into the river was this night to kill and rob that good and charitable man. Now I have shown you the nature and cause

of the wonderful rule of Providence: depart in peace, resign yourself to the will of your Creator, and sin no more. With that the angel disappeared, and the hermit sought his ancient place, where he spent the remainder of his life in piety and contentment.

THE FARMER AND HIS SERVANT.

A POOR man had three sons who was under the necessity of sending the eldest from home, to provide for himself in the best manner he could. He left his father's house early one morning, and after travelling all day, he came to a rich farmer's house, where he inquired if he could employ him. What can you do, said he? Sir, said the boy, I can do any thing I am put to, but I will not engage myself longer than to the cuckoo sings. I will, said the farmer, give you ten guineas a year, if you do every thing faithfully, and refuse nothing you are commanded to do, but remember, the first that is angry, either you or me, is to be flogged on the bare back as long as the other pleases, and then the bargain is at an end; so if you think proper, you are welcome to stay. I hope, Sir, said the boy, there will be no occasion for either of us to be angry during my time here, so I believe on these terms I will stay.

In the morning the boy was sent out to the field, and his master told him he must plough all the land his dog would run over before eating or drinking. The dog being taught for the purpose, ran over the whole field before he stopped, which would be a good day's work.

Before he had finished his task, it was near sunset, and the poor fellow had not tasted any thing the whole day, but instead of getting his dinner as he expected, he was compelled by his master to begin work again in the barn. He complained of this treatment, and said no one would submit to such usage. Are you angry, said the farmer? I cannot help being angry, said the boy. Well, your time is expired, said he, and getting two or three persons to hold him, he most unmercifully flogged him. The next morning he got up and went home, and sorely grieved that he had had the bad luck to fall in with such a rogue: he told his brother all that happened him, and showing him his wounds, said, all he wanted was revenge. Well, said his brother, I will go in the morning and see what I can make of him. Accordingly he set off pretty early, came to the same farmer's house before sunset, and inquired if he knew any one wanting a boy in the neighbourhood. What is your name, said he? John, Sir; I would

serve any person faithfully that will hire me till the cuckoo sings, for I intend after that to go to England. The farmer said he would engage him, at the same time telling him his terms, adding, I will give you a couple of shirts and a pair of shoes, because you are a good looking fellow, and I have a liking for you. John having agreed to the bargain, was desired to rise early. Accordingly in the morning he was first up, and got a stout stick for a paddle to the plough: having proceeded to the field, his master told him he must plough whatever his dog would go over. The dog was at this time two or three rigs beyond him, and taking the paddle in his hand, he struck him on the head and killed him. What made you kill my dog? I am only to plough what he has gone over, and that is not much. I hope you are not angry with me. O no, said he, I am not; so John began to his work, and in a short time he had ploughed all the dog ran over, and then came home. Well John, said the farmer, you have soon done your work this day, go and take your dinner, I have nothing more for you to do, you may play yourself to bedtime. All that night the farmer and his wife were plotting how to be revenged of John, for they saw it would not be easy to make him say he was angry, and they would willingly part with him if the bargain could be broke. The next morning when the farmer called John to him, and told him he had six cows beyond the river; there is a good ford, said he, but you must bring them over without wetting their feet. That is a hard task, master, but I will do what I can: so he went to the next house, and borrowing a hatchet, crossed the river and cut the feet off the cows, putting them into a sack which he carried home to his master. What is this you have got in the sack, said he? Faith, said John, I was plotting all morning how to get the cows over the river dry shod, and I could not think of a better way than cutting the feet off them. You scoundrel, said the farmer, is that the way you have used my cattle? Indeed, said John, you may blame yourself, for how was it possible I could get them over a large river without wetting their feet, but by the method I have taken, and I hope you are not angry. No, I am not, said he, but you must look to yourself better than you are doing, or you will ruin me. The farmer and his wife were more spited than ever. I do not know what will be done with this fellow, if we do not find some way to break the bargain, he will ruin us. I will tell you what we will do, said she,—I see we must try some plan to get him away. You must put him on the house to-morrow to fasten the slates, and I will go up into the ivy bush and cry cuckoo three times, and then his time will be expired. I

believe, said he, it will be the best way, and accordingly he put him on the house the next morning, and his wife went into the bush. As John was busy working, his mistress called cuckoo three times; and he, having a good guess what it was, ran down with his arms full of slates, and throwing them into the bush almost killed her before the farmer knew any thing about it. At length hearing what was going on, he ran to the bush, where he found his wife much hurt. After administering some wine and other cordials to her, she recovered, and John coming in his master flew at him in a great rage: you rogue, said he, what is this you have done? Why, are you angry, master, said John? To be sure I am angry, I will not suffer you about my house any longer. Well, said John to some of the neighbours, you must hold my master until I flog him, for that is our bargain. Do not, said the mistress, and I will fill your hat with crown pieces. Well, says John, on that condition I will spare him. John then bade farwell, and went home with his hat full of crown pieces, and told his brother all that had happened, at the same time showing him what money he took off them.

THE THREE ADVICES.

There was a time when a great many people had to leave Ireland for want of employment, and the high price of provisions. John Carson, the subject of the following story, was under the necessity of going to England, and leaving his family behind him; he was engaged by a gentleman at twelve guineas a year, and was greatly esteemed by his master. The term of his engagement being expired, he determined to return home. The gentleman pressed him to remain, but John was eager to visit his wife and children. In place of giving him his wages, the gentleman insisted on him taking the following advice:—Never take a bye-road, when you have a high way;—never lodge in the house where an old man is married to a young woman;—never take what belongs to another. It was with reluctance that John was persuaded to accept of the advices instead of his wages, but the gentleman told him they might be the means of saving his life. Before setting out on his journey, his master presented him with three loaves of bread, one for his wife, and one for each of his children, enjoined him not to break them until he got home, at the same time giving him a guinea to defray his expenses. He had not proceeded far, until he met with two pedlars who were travelling the same way. He kept company with them until they

came to a wood, through which there was a road two miles nearer the town they were going to. The pedlars advised John to accompany them that way, but he refused to go off the high way, telling them, however, he would meet them at a certain house in town. John arrived in safety, and took up his lodging at the appointed place.

While he was taking his supper, an old man came hobbling into the kitchen; and on asking the servant who it was, she told him it was the landlord. John thought on his master's advice, and was coming out, when he met the pedlars, all cut and bleeding, having been robbed and almost murdered in the wood; he advised them not to lodge in that house, for that all was not well, but they disregarded his advice.

John, rather than remain in the house, retired to the stable and laid himself down upon some straw, where he slept soundly for some time. About the middle of the night, he heard two persons coming into the stable, and on listening to their conversation, he discovered that it was the landlady and a man laying a plan to murder the husband. In the morning, John renewed his journey, but he had not proceeded far when he was informed that his former landlord had been murdered, and the two pedlars had been taken up for the crime. John did not mention what he heard to any person, but determined to save the poor men if it was in his power.

On arriving at home he found his wife and family in good health, and anxiously expecting his arrival. Having related all his adventures from the time of his departure, together with his master's advices, he produced the loaves of bread; but what was their astonishment when they found the whole wages enclosed in one of the loaves, which his generous master had put there unknown to him. After remaining at home some time, he determined to return to England, in order to attend the trial of the pedlars.

On going into the court, he saw the two men at the bar, and the woman and the man he had heard in the stable, as prosecutors. Having been permitted to give his evidence, he told the affair so correctly that the man and the woman confessed their guilt, and the poor pedlars were instantly acquitted; they offered to give him any thing he pleased, but John kindly refused accepting any recompense but a few shillings to defray his expenses, alleging at the same time, that he considered it nothing more than his duty. John, before leaving England, resolved to visit his kind old master, and return him thanks for his generosity. As soon as the gentleman heard the object of his journey, he was so highly pleased at so praiseworthy an action, that he offered him a small farm of land, and promised

him every encouragement if he would remain; John gladly embraced the offer, and having sent for his family, took possession of his new property, and lived respectably all his days.

THE SPAEMAN.

A POOR man in the north of Ireland was under the necessity of selling his cow, to help to support his family. Having sold the cow, he went into an inn, and called for some liquor. Having drank pretty heartily, he fell asleep, and when he awoke, he found he had been robbed of his money. Poor Roger was at a loss to know how to act; and, as is often the case, when the landlord found that his money was gone, he turned him out of doors. The night was extremely dark, and the poor man was compelled to take up his lodgings in an old uninhabited house at the end of the town.

Roger had not remained long here until he was surprised by the noise of three men, whom he observed making a hole, and depositing something therein, closed it carefully up again and then went away. The next morning, as Roger was walking towards the town, he heard that a cloth shop had been robbed to a great amount, and that a reward of thirty pounds was offered to any person who could discover the thieves. This was joyful news to Roger, who recollected what he had been witness to the night before; he accordingly went to the shop, and told the gentleman that for the reward, he would recover the goods, and secure the robbers, provided he got six stout men to attend him, all which was thankfully granted him.

At night Roger and his men concealed themselves in the old house, and in a short time after the robbers came to the spot, for the purpose of removing their booty, but they were instantly seized and carried into the town, prisoners, with the goods. Roger received the reward and returned home, well satisfied with his good luck. Not many days after, it was noised over the country that this robbery was discovered by the help of one of the best spaemen to be found, insomuch that it reached the ears of a worthy gentleman of the county of Derry, who made strict inquiry to find him out. Having at length discovered his abode, he sent for Roger, and told him he was every day losing some valuable article, and as he was famed for discovering lost things, if he could find out the same, he should be handsomely rewarded. Poor Roger was put to a stand, not knowing what answer to make, as he had not the smallest knowledge of the like. But recovering him-

self a little, he resolved to humour the joke, and thinking he would make a good dinner and some drink of it, told the gentleman he would try what he could do, but that he must have the room to himself for three hours, during which time he must have three bottles of strong ale and his dinner, all which the gentleman told him he should have. No sooner was it made known that the Spæman was in the house, than the servants were all in confusion, wishing to know what would be said.

As soon as Roger had taken his dinner, he was shown into an elegant room, where the gentleman sent him a quart of ale by the butler. No sooner had he set down the ale, than Roger said, there comes one of them, intimating the bargain he had made with the gentleman for the three quarts, which the butler took in a wrong light, and imagined it was himself. He went away in great confusion, and told his wife. "Poor fool," said she, "the fear makes you think it is you he means, but I will attend in your place, and hear what he will say to me." Accordingly, she carried the second quart, but no sooner had she opened the door than Roger cried, there comes two of them. The woman, no less surprised than her husband, told him the Spæman knew her too. "And what will we do," said she, "we will be hanged." "I will tell you what we must do," said she, "we must send the groom the next time, and if he is known, we must offer him a good sum not to discover on us." The butler went to William, and told him the whole story, and that he must go next to see what he would say to him, telling him, at the same time, what to do, in case he was known also. When the hour was expired, William was sent with the third quart of ale, which, when Roger observed, he cried out, there is the third and last of them, at which William changed colour, and told him if he would not discover on them, they would show him where they were all concealed, and give him five pounds besides. Roger, not a little surprised at the discovery he had made, told him if he recovered the goods, he would follow them no further.

By this time the gentleman called Roger to know how he had succeeded. He told him he could find the goods, but that the thief was gone. "I will be well satisfied," said he, "with the goods, for some of them are very valuable." Let the butler come along with me, and the whole shall be recovered. He accordingly conducted Roger to the back of the stable where the articles were concealed, such as silver cups, spoons, bowls, knives, forks, and a variety of other articles of great value.

When the supposed Spæman brought back the stolen goods, the gentleman was so highly pleased with Roger, that he insisted on his remaining with him always, as he supposed he would be perfectly safe as long as he was about his house. Roger gladly embraced the offer, and in a few days took possession of a piece of land, which the gentleman had given to him in consideration of his great abilities.

Some time after this, the gentleman was relating to a large company the discovery Roger had made, and that he could tell any thing; one of the gentlemen said he would dress a dish of meat, and bet for fifty pounds, that he could not tell what was in it, and he would allow him to taste it. The bet being taken, and the dish dressed, the gentleman sent for Roger, and told the bet was depending on him. Poor Roger did not know what to do; at last he consented to the trial. The dish being produced, he tasted it, but could not tell what it was; at last, seeing he was fairly beat, he said, gentlemen, it is a folly to talk, the fox may run a while, but he is caught at last, allowing within himself that he was found out. The gentleman that had made the bet, then confessed that it was a fox that he had dressed in the dish, at which they all shouted out in favour of the Spæman, particularly his master, who was more confident in him than ever.

Roger then went home, and so famous did he become, that no one dared take any thing but what belonged to them, fearing that the Spæman would discover on them.

THE PRIEST AND THE ROBBER.

In the province of Ulster, about fifty years ago, there lived a priest whose life was spent in administering relief to those in distress; so that by the amiableness of his character, he had gained the respect and esteem of all the country round. He was sent for to a robber to prepare him for death, and was shut up in a small chapel along with him. While endeavouring by the most pious persuasions to excite him to repentance, he observed him apparently absorbed in thought, and paying no attention to his discourse. "Are you aware," said the priest, "that you must soon appear before your great Creator?"—"I know that," returned the robber; "but I also know that you can save my life."—"How can that be?" said the priest. "You have only," rejoined the poor wretch, "to set your chair on the altar, and by your getting on it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders."—"And," said the priest, "do you think I shall be accessary to your

escape, which may be the means of your committing new crimes?"—"Indeed," said the robber, "you need not be afraid of that, I have seen the gibbet too near me to expose myself to such danger again." The priest, actuated by the impulse of a feeling heart, and strengthened by the earnest protestations of repentance in the unhappy criminal who was about to suffer, at length consented to favour his escape, and in a few minutes the robber was clear of the prison.

Shortly after, the executioner came to warn the unfortunate man of his hour being come; but what was his surprise when he opened the door, and found the priest sitting alone in the chapel. He immediately alarmed the judges, and brought them to the spot. "What is become of the prisoner," said they, "that was left with you?"—"He must be an angel," returned the priest coolly, "for, upon the faith of a christian, he flew out of the window," pointing to the window in the roof of the chapel; "and I am going to recommend myself to his protection." The judges could not preserve their gravity at what they heard the good man relate, but wishing the supposed angel a pleasant journey, went away.

Some years after this, as the priest was travelling in the county of Wicklow, he lost his way, just as the sun had sunk beneath the horizon. He was accosted by a sort of peasant, who, after examining him attentively, told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one, and as the night had set in, if he would accompany him, he would conduct him to a house convenient, where he might pass the night in safety.

The priest was at a loss how to act; the curiosity visible in the peasant's conduct excited his suspicion, but considering if he had a bad design in view, that it was impossible for him to escape, he with a trembling heart followed. They had not walked far until they reached a farm-house, which the poor priest beheld with joy; but the suspicion which the peasant's curiosity had first raised in his breast, was entirely removed when he found he was the proprietor, and heard him tell his wife to kill a capon, with some of her chickens, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. Whilst the good woman was preparing supper, the countryman came into the room followed by a group of beautiful children. "Pour forth your grateful thanks, my little children," said he, as the tear of gratitude started from his eye, "for to this worthy man your father owes his existence." The priest immediately recognized the features of the robber, whose escape he had favoured some years before; he inquired how he came to be so well provided for; on which he related to him as follows :—

"I told you if you assisted me in escaping I would lead a new life. I begged my way to this part of the country, which is my native place, and engaged in the service of the owner of this farm. By strict fidelity and attachment to the interest of my master, in a short time I gained his entire confidence and esteem, and such was his regard for me, that he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours ever since, and I have amassed a little money, and I entreat you to accept of it. I shall now die content, since I have had it in my power, by this small tribute, to testify my gratitude towards the man who saved my life."

"I am well repaid," replied the priest, "for the service I have rendered you, and prize your repentance more than all the riches you can bestow. Continue in your present upright course of life, and you will be rewarded hereafter."

The peasant pressed him to accept of some recompense, but he would not; he consented, however, to remain a few days in the house, during all which time he entertained him with the greatest hospitality.

The time of the priest's departure at last arrived. It was with the greatest reluctance that the countryman could persuade him to make use at least of one of his horses to finish his journey. The priest set out, and the peasant would not quit him until he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those parts.

MAC TURKHILL.

Mac Turkhill, who from his earliest days was initiated in all the vices of raparee, and the known violator of female chastity, met in his walks with Miss O'Melaghlin, whose father was the richest man in the country. Her charms immediately excited his desires; being a man of some property himself, he had recourse to her father for the honour of receiving from him the hand of his fair daughter. The answer he received was, that the happiness of a female in a married state depended on the temper, the morals, or character of the husband—that till he was convinced that the suitor's conduct would bear such a scrutiny, he would withhold his consent—and therefore concluded that if his daughter's inclinations were not pre-engaged, and his character should appear amiable, he should be no hindrance to their mutual happiness.

Mac Turkhill had no reason to thank O'Melaghlin for the prudence of his conduct—he knew that his reputation would not bear inquiry, but he determined to wait some days, in

the interval of which he made his arrangements for carrying Miss O'Melaghlin off by force. The banditti of white-boys, with whom he was in esteem, on account of the congeniality of his morals, promised to assist him, and to run all hazards in promoting his success.

Now ripe for mischief, and provided with the means to ensure him the possession of Miss O'Melaghlin, he applies to her father for an answer.

The reception he met with was such as he expected. O'Melaghlin told him that he could not sacrifice the happiof his daughter by consenting to an alliance which he could not approve of, and which every tie of honour and honesty forced him to decline.

Mac Turkhill heard him with a frown, and went off muttering revenge. The father being no stranger to the extravagance of the pretended suitor, had every thing to fear from him. He therefore determined to remove his daughter to a place of greater security, and placing her in his carriage, acquainted her with his motives, to which she gave a voluntary and eager consent. Mac Turkhill, who watched over his motions, overtook him near the Gautty Mountains, in the county of Tipperary. His faithful band shot the horses of the carriage, whilst Mac Turkhill pistoled O'Melaghlin, and seized on his daughter, whom he hurried to his horse, and mounted her upon it after a long struggle with her. Her cries, her shrieks, her swoons, had no effect upon the monster; but mounting, he rode off with her at full gallop.

Providentially a corps of free volunteers met him in his flight, and melted with the shrieks of beauty in distress, determined on a rescue. Companions in guilt are seldom faithful to each other—his own company fled and left him alone to engage with his enemies. Grown desperate with danger, he shot the first that approached him, but as he was drawing out the second pistol, he received a shot in his head, and dropped down dead from the saddle. Miss O'Melaghlin tumbled likewise on the ground in a swoon, but recovering, thanked her deliverers on her knees, and was escorted to her place of residence by the generous corps of free volunteers.

ANNE BONEY, THE FEMALE PIRATE.

This woman was a native of the city of Cork. Her father was an attorney, and by his activity in business rose to a considerable respectability in that place. Anne was the fruit of an unlawful connection with his own servant-maid, with

whom he afterwards eloped to America, leaving his wife in this country.

He settled in Carolina, and followed his own profession, but soon commenced merchant, and amassed a considerable property. There he lived with his servant in the character of a wife, but she dying, her daughter superintended the domestic affairs.

During her residence with her father, she was supposed to have a considerable fortune, and was accordingly addressed by young men of respectable situations in life. It happened, however, with her, as with many others of her sex, that her feelings and not interest determined her in the choice of a husband;—she married a young seaman without a single shilling.

The avaricious father was so enraged, that, deaf to the feelings of a parent, he turned his own child out of his house. Upon this cruel usage of her father, and the disappointment of her fortune, Anne and her husband sailed for the Island of Providence, in hopes of gaining employment.

She, however, acted a very different part from the character of a virtuous woman. She left her husband, and fixed her affections on Captain Rackham, with whom she eloped.

She had disguised herself in man's clothes, to prevent discovery; but proving with child, the captain put her on shore, and intrusted her to the care of some friends until she recovered, when she again accompanied him, disguised as formerly, in all his piratical expeditions.

Upon the king's proclamation, offering a pardon to all pirates who would surrender themselves, he amongst others surrendered himself, and went into the privateering business. He soon, however, embraced an opportunity of returning to his favourite employment.

In all his favourite exploits Anne accompanied him, and displayed the greatest courage and intrepidity. When their ship was taken, Anne, another woman, and a seaman, were the last three that remained on board, Captain Rackham having previously found means to escape on shore, but he was apprehended and sent to prison.

Anne was known to many of the planters in the Island of Jamaica, to which place she was conveyed, who remembered to have seen her in her father's house, and they were disposed to intercede in her behalf. Her unprincipled conduct in leaving her own husband, and forming an illicit connection with Captain Rackham, tended to render them less active in her favour.

By a special favour, Rackham was permitted to visit her

the day before he was executed, but instead of condoling him on account of his hard fate, as might have been expected, she only observed that she was sorry to see him there, but if he had fought like a man, he need not have been hanged like a dog.

Being with child, she remained in prison until her recovery, was reprieved, and set at liberty. She was by the interest of some friends reconciled to her father, and lived a good life ever after.

JAMES BUTLER.

James Butler was bred and born in Kilkenny, and in his pupilage was kept pretty much at school, but his learning did him little service, though he spoke Latin very fluently. When he arrived at man's estate, he enlisted himself a soldier in Lord Galway's regiment, and went with the army to Spain, where he had not been long before he departed to the Spaniards as his favourite party; but meeting with some usage among them he did not relish, he soon grew tired of a military life, and gave the Spaniards the go-by also. Thinking himself in danger in Spain, and not finding a convenient opportunity of returning home, his fancy led him to Andalusia, where he set up as a mountebank, and had wonderful success in raising his reputation and performing cures. At length he undertook the method of easing men of troublesome wives, who were taken to him by wholesale, and this brought more grist to his mill than any other part of his practice. So great was his fame at last, that he outvied the famous Dr. Thornhill, who offered to be his Merry-Andrew, upon condition that he would teach him his Irish assurance; but whether Thornhill did it to get rid of his competitor, or not, I can't tell, however it happened that he was discovered, and to prevent danger, made the best of his way to Venice, where he set up for conjuror, and not managing this business so well as the former, success failed him, and he joined with a company of banditti.

While he was in this company, they had the good fortune to meet with a lusty fat mendicant friar, whom they robbed, taking from him the amount of £20,000, which he was going to carry to Modena, for the late widow of King James II. Queen Dowager of England. The captain of the gang divided the booty, ordering Butler but a very small part, not half his portion, which stomached him so much that he left them and went to Florence; and by this time he had learned to speak both Spanish and Italian.

While he was at Florence, his curiosity led him to go to see a man executed, where he singled out a young gentleman with whom he had some confabulation, and among the rest of his discourse, he said, "The man was a fool for suffering himself to be taken." At these words, the gentleman taking him for a man of resolution, took him to a tavern, and having sounded him pretty well, offered him five hundred pieces of gold to murder an uncle of his that he might enjoy his estate. Butler consented to the proposal, and went immediately to one of the banditti, with whom he agreed concerning the manner of the murder, and taking him along with him about eleven o'clock at night, to the old man's house, they made a quick dispatch of his life. This being done, and the reward paid them, as soon as Butler got a convenient opportunity he likewise put an end to the young man's life, to prevent him from discovering; and, for the same reason, in a little time afterwards he murdered his comrade.

But, having thus committed three murders, the rumour whereof spread far and near, he grew a little afraid of his mother's calf's skin, and fled directly to Paris, where he soon found means to introduce himself into Cartouch's gang, with whom he often went in quest of prey; but not always distributing the booty equally, as he thought, he ventured to go out one fine morning alone, and taking notice of a young gentleman of Campaigne, who came to Paris on purpose to study, he met him and accosted him, pretending to be a scholar also, and then taking him to the college of Navarre, he led him through the walks, on pretence of entertaining him with new discourses, till they came to a remote corner, and then robbed him.

But beginning to get too notorious in France, and not overwell liked by his comrades, he packed up his awls and went to Holland, and on his travels overtaking a genteel young woman, near Rotterdam, he began to make love, and grew very sweet upon her. She seemed coy at first, but after some discourse had passed, and upon further application, she agreed to pass for his wife. Not being able to reach the Hague, they stopped short at an inn on the road, and after supper they retired to rest.

As soon as his supposed wife saw daylight, and perceiving how soundly he slept, she rose, and, calling for her husband's portmanteau, under pretence of getting out some linen, took out of it two hundred and ninety pieces of gold, and ordered the hostler to saddle her husband's horse for her to go and pay a friend a visit, but took care to ride off, and let none of them hear any more of her afterwards.

When Butler awoke he threw his arms about, expecting to grasp his dear mistress, but finding himself disappointed, in order to make inquiry about her, and to know the time of the day, he called for his landlord, who told him his lady was a very early woman, having risen three or four hours before. Surprised at this news, he started up and ran to his portmanteau, which, when he searched, he immediately found how nicely he was tricked, yet he could not find in his heart to asperse her, or much to blame her for herself, because he lived by tricking. However, thus outwitted as he was, he sold his lady's horse, and having paid the reckoning with the remainder of the money, he made the best of his way to England, where dame fortune forsaking him, the lady poverty came to pay him a visit, and would not be persuaded to abandon him till she had brought him to a very low ebb. Being reduced to this condition, he happened one day to pick up a fresh acquaintaince with Mrs. Impudence, who accompanied him and two others to King's Gate, in Grey's Inn Lane, where they attacked and stopped a coach, but finding a vigorous resistance, were obliged to return in a hurry, and ride off as fast as they could. However, Butler was pursued, taken, and committed to Newgate, but being only found guilty of an assault, he was fined £100 and confined twelve months.

At length procuring his liberty, he fell to his old courses on the highway, in conjunction with one Nodes, an upholsterer's son, at Fleetditch, where they continued their depredations for a length of time, and amassed a great deal of money. Being warned in a dream, after a night of dreadful debauch and sensuality, of what his present wicked course would bring him to, and happening to hear a most impressive sermon on the suffering of the damned in hell, he at length determined to quit his sinful courses of life. He therefore relinquished his iniquitous gain, dispensing it in charity, and returned to his friends in Ireland, where he passed the remainder of his life in penance and mortification.

JACK WITHERS.

Jack's father was a poor labourer in Athlone. Poverty and want of employment obliged his father to set off for Dublin, and Jack accompanied him. In that seminary of vice he became acquainted with some young pickpockets, and, imitating their conduct, he was detected and sent to Flanders as a soldier.

One day he went into the church at Ghent, during the time of high mass, and observing them casting money into a box that stood under the image of the Virgin Mary, he watched the favourable opportunity, picked the lock, filled his pockets with the money and got off unobserved.

But, afraid to repeat his depredations in the same quarter, and unable to supply his extravagancies, he deserted his colours and returned to Ireland. Commencing robber on the highway, he encountered a neighbour of his father's whom he knew to be a great miser, and accosted him with, "Stand and deliver, or by the holy Saint Denis you are a dead man." The miser began to plead poverty, which was evident from his appearance and clothes, his breeches, in which he retained his money, being as large as the hooped petticoat of a full dressed lady. Jack, however, knew him well, and was not to be imposed upon with sham pretences. The old miser was then compounding, and offered one half to save the other. Jack enraged at this delay, threatened him with instant death; on which the miser pulled out his purse and spectacles, and putting them on, began to stare at Withers. "Why, d——n your eyes, you old fool," said Jack, "is your sight so bad that you cannot see to deliver your purse?" "I may at least see to whom I give it." "Aye, aye, old boy; and when you look at me again, you must supply me with such another sum."

Jack, and two of his companions, one morning returning from their depredations, espied a gentleman walking alone, and exhibiting all the gestures of passion, distraction, and fury; meanwhile casting his eyes towards heaven, stretching forth his arms and folding them again. They imagined he was about to plunge into the water from disappointed love or ruined fortune.

Jack went up to him and said, "Pray, sir, consider what you are going to do! What a sad thing will it be for you to drown yourself here? Be advised, and have better thoughts with you." "What is all this for?" said the gentleman, "I have no intention of drowning myself. I am only a player getting my part." "If I had known that, you might have hanged or drowned yourself for me; but to make amends for the trouble, you can do no less than give us your money." They robbed him of all he had.

Some time after this, Jack and his companion, Patrick Murphy, attacked the postman carrying the south mail, whom they not only robbed, but, to prevent discovery, cut his throat, ripped him up, filled his belly with stones, and threw him into a pond. The body, however, was found next day, in a shocking state.

Jack and his associates now once more returned to the city, but it may be well imagined that their guilty conscience would not let them rest.

Having committed a robbery in the country, he and his companions were both apprehended, tried and condemned. Jack was only twenty-four years of age when he suffered the punishment due to his crimes. He confessed the horrid murder he had committed some weeks before.

THE GENEROUS IRISHMAN.

Lieutenant Fleming was the youngest son of a respectable gentleman in the county of Louth, and was sent at an early age on board a British man-of-war in the situation of midshipman. He had a fine open manly countenance, an easy air, and a heart that diffused the irresistible charm of good humour over a tolerable set of features, setting at defiance both ill-temper and ill-breeding.

After an absence of twelve years, spent with honour to himself and advantage to his country, having by his bravery and good conduct been promoted to the rank of lieutenant, he obtained permission to visit his native place. He had not been long seated on the top of the coach, before he perceived that his next neighbour was either very ill, or in great trouble, by several deep sighs which seemed reluctantly to force their way from an overcharged bosom.

His heart beat responsive to the sound; it was too dark to distinguish faces, nor did he recollect to have observed, on his getting up, whether it was a male or a female next to him, nor was that a consideration: he chewed his quid sometime in silence, till a sudden violent jolt of the coach drew forth a faint shriek from a female voice, and threw her in contact with the lieutenant's shoulder.

"Avast," cried he, "take care how you steer, or we may all roll over, d'ye see; besides here seems to be one longside not able to stem the upsetting. Take courage, my good lass, lean against me and welcome; we shall soon come into some port."

"You are very kind, good sir," answered a feeble voice; "I am, indeed but little able to bear the motion of the carriage, much less the sudden shakes, but I will be better by and by."

"I hope so, I hope so," rejoined the lieutenat, "we shall get into smooth water immediately, when we are off the stones."

No answer was returned, and a dead silence ensued until they came to the first stage of changing horses.

Fleming, on the appearance of the light, turned to look at his neighbour, and beheld the pale skeleton of a young woman, who seemed fast sinking into the grave, and scarcely able to sit upright. "Odds, my life, poor soul," said he, "you seem to want ballast, it will never do to steer this course—why did you not steer into the cabin?"

"Because, because," replied she tremulously, "it was not convenient —— I have more air here."

"Yes, yes; but a few such squalls as we had some time ago, may turn you overboard: you are not steady enough, my good lass, to keep your course here."

He then called for some grog and biscuits, and jumped off to look in at the windows of the coach.

"Ay, ay, here's plenty of room; here, you steersman, open the coach door, and let us help that poor young woman into this berth."

"Why, I have no objection, master," answered the coachman, "but you know outside and inside passengers are different things—who's to pay the difference of the fare?"

"Why, I will," cried Fleming.

"No, no," exclaimed the invalid, "I entreat you, Sir, I am very well here: indeed I am—I will not get inside—pray leave me as I am."

"Look ye, young woman," returned the lieutenant, "you are upon a slippery forecastle, you may be hove overship in the dark, and founder before help can come to ye. So no more words, my conscience wont let me see you in danger, for I shant sit easy with you at my stern; so do, my good soul, let me put you safe under hatches, out of the way of the squalls and foul weather."

The poor young woman saw it was in vain to contend with her humane neighbour, and however repulsive to her own feelings to accept the obligation, she was as little calculated to support the fatigues of her situation as unable to pay the additional expense. She, therefore, with tears dropping on her cheeks, silently permitted herself to be placed in the coach, nor did she reject the biscuit, though she declined the grog.

"Mayhap," said he, "a gill of warm wine will do you more good; and, without waiting a reply, he dashed off, and presently returned with it, entreating her to drink of it. Not to disappoint him, she sipped a small quantity, and pressing his hand said, "God bless you."

The manner and the words shot through the heart of the poor lieutenant; but a summons from the coachman to resume

his place, cut short all further conversation, and he jumped up into his berth, after tossing off his glass of grog, which he found very necessary to recruit his spirits.

When they stopped at the inn to dine, Fleming handed out his sick friend, with equal respect and tenderness; nor did he neglect offering his hand to three other females in the coach, one of which only accepted of it; the other two threw up their heads, and coldly declined his assistance.

Fleming was not a man of observation, he knew nothing of the world or the human heart; he had no idea that he could have given any offence by showing humanity to a fellow-creature, or committed an unpardonable insult, by "stowing a sick outside passenger in the cabin."

He gave his arm to the young woman, and conveyed her into a room, where she was scarcely seated, before, to his great dismay, she fainted, and he loudly vociferated for assistance.

By the endeavours of the landlady, and the smelling-bottle of the lady who had deigned to accept Fleming's offered hand, the poor invalid soon recovered, and he left her to their care, whilst he "examined into the state of the locker." A fine piece of roast beef and a giblet pie were just going smoking hot to the table; but though the scent was perfectly agreeable to him, he had consideration enough to think it might be too powerful for a sick stomach. He, therefore, asked if they had any new laid eggs, with a tart or two for the poor young woman in the other room.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlady, "we can give her a couple of eggs and a nice custard in a trice; but—a—as these eggs are not provided for the coach passengers, we shall expect them to be paid extra for."

"Very well," returned he, "carry them in, and I will pay you for them."

He went back and told the invalid she should have an egg brought to her, and as soon as he had swallowed a few mouthfuls of beef, he would come to her again. Tears were her only answer, and he darted away, followed by the lady.

"I admire your humanity, sir," said she, "for I find you are an entire stranger to the young woman."

"I don't know what she may be," answered he, stopping and bowing to the speaker, "but what of that? you see she is very sick, poor soul, and it is our duty to help forward a fellow-creature. She is bad enough, and I fear will soon be in that port from whence there is no return."

"I fear so, too," rejoined the lady, "and it is from thence I feel so much to admire in your kindness. Young men in

this age rarely bestow favours on females without a view of self-gratification of some kind or other."

Before he could reply, they were summoned to dinner. Fleming, much pleased with the lady's kindness to the sick girl, and attention to himself, was particularly assiduous for her accommodation, without intending any slight to the others, or observing their haughty or indignant looks.

And here it is impossible to refrain from observing how much our own comforts in life depend upon our attention to those of others. The two ladies whose humanity was not proof against the affront of having an outside passenger, whose dress was as humble as her pretensions, obtruded on them so unceremoniously by a lieutenant, whose wrapping great coat demonstrated that he was no great things, and equally low bred and impertinent, had sat in disdainful silence till they arrived at the inn, when their anger burst forth into scornful observations, and a reprimand to the coachman for admitting such a low creature into their society, who had taken inside places.

"As to low or high," answered the man, "so they pay me the full fare, it is one and the same thing to me. Besides the poor young woman was mortal bad, and he was a good-hearted fellow that offered to pay the fare, and all passengers are alike to me."

"Then you ought never to have people of consequence in your coach, fellow, if you don't know how to behave yourself."

"I know very well how to behave myself, I don't want to affront nobody," returned coachy, "the young woman was a clean decent body, and as good as others, for the matter of that, seeing her fare will be paid."

"Don't be impertinent, fellow, it is plain you care not how you insult the ladies, so you can be paid. You would not have taken her into the coach without being sure of your money, though you presume to force her upon us."

"That's another sort of a thing. I pities the poor thing, and would serve her with all my heart, but the coach is master's property, and musn't chouse him of his fare. But what signifies words about it, she is an inside passenger now, and by St. Patrick he's an honest lad that lent her a hand."

The insulted ladies found it in vain to contend, they encouraged each other in the idea of affronted consequence, and displeased that their companion had followed the two low creatures, they determined to send her to Coventry, and preserve an indignant silence in the coach.

These wise resolutions accompanied them to the dinner table, when, to their great surprise, they beheld the lieutenant's uniform, and a figure, now disencumbered of an old wrapping coat, that he did not blush to exhibit in the most fashionable circles in the kingdom, though it wanted the polish of high life.

PADDY AND THE PRIEST.

A PRIEST in the neighbourhood of Cork, fancying that the "dues" at confession were insufficient remuneration for the pardons he granted, told his congregation that in future he would not hear confessions, unless the "compliment" was increased. This, of course, created a great sensation in his parish; some murmured, a few remonstrated, and others absented themselves from the confessional altogether. Amongst the latter was Darby Donovan. "Hilloa, Darby," said the priest, one morning, spying Darby sneaking along the side of a ditch to avoid a meeting. "Hilloa, Darby! is that you." "Oh! thin, is it yer reverrence? I hope yer reverrence, and all belonging to yer reverrence is well. It's a good step to Blarney, and my sister's child's sick in it, so as its contrary to yer reverrence I'm going, I'll wish you a plasant day." "Stay, Darby," called the priest—"What's the reason you have not been to confession lately?" "Plaze yer reverrence," said Darby, scratching his head, "I've never been able to affoord it *since the grace of God riz.*"

READY WIT.

A TRAVELLER, fond of a joke—a corpulent, jolly-looking fellow—taking a walk in company with one of his customers, met a "rough, rude, ready-witted" Hibernian driving a small cart, drawn by a jackass, when the following dialogue ensued:—"Well, Pat, what kind of an animal is this you have got!" "Arrah, now, don't be after denying your friends when you meet with them. Sure you have not forgot your cousin, Mr. Jack Ass." "Oh ho! so you deal among asses." "Well, in troth I do, Sir." "And what is the price of a good one just now?" "In troth, Sir, that greatly depends on their appearance; a little jacky like this un might be got for a pound; but, by japers, a big fat cuddy like yourself would cost thurty shillans!"